

13, 1915
OPTIMISTS'
NUMBER

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
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THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE



Nobody* Knew Which Was Which

These six numbered bottles contained six different perfumes—3 popular imported scents and 3 domestic, Splendor, Florient and Éclat, made by Colgate & Co. The six were compared by 103 women, representing business women, the stage, college women and others. Each was asked to compare all six perfumes and to express her preference by number—judging merely by which scent she liked best—with no names or labels to influence her.

This is the Way They Chose:

1st choice of 28 women Colgate's Florient
1st choice of 26 women Colgate's Splendor
1st choice of 18 women Foreign Perfume No. 4

1st choice of 12 women Foreign Perfume No. 2
1st choice of 10 women Foreign Perfume No. 5
1st choice of 9 women Colgate's Éclat

This test—which was absolutely impartial—shows very clearly that the supposed superiority of imported perfumes is not actual. With the influence of a foreign label removed, and choices made from fragrance alone, Colgate's Perfumes were chosen by more than $\frac{3}{5}$ of the women—though most of them had said *before the test* that they preferred imported perfumes.

You Can Make the Test

Let us send you full instructions, with three Perfumer's Testing Strips and miniature vials of the Colgate Perfumes, Florient, Splendor and Éclat, so that you may compare them with the perfume you are now using. This Test Material will be sent promptly on receipt of your letter enclosing a 2c stamp for mailing. We are confident that it will convince you, too, that in fragrance, refinement and delicacy—and above all in that indefinable *something* which governs matters of choice—you will find your preference is for

COLGATE'S PERFUMES

*Except the Judges
Mr. F. N. Doubleday and
Mr. S. Keith Evans.

The same perfumes in Toilet Waters
for those who prefer a lighter scent.

For Test Material address
Colgate & Co., Perfume Contest,
Dept. 23, 199 Fulton St., N. Y.



And They Never Knew

ALADDIN'S face brightened as he suddenly thought of a brand-new idea. He rubbed the lamp vigorously.

"Strange," he mused, "that I didn't think of that before. Here you," he said to the slave who appeared, "Bring me Prosperity."

"What's that, sire?" said the slave. "Excuse me, but—"

"What's the matter with you, you black idiot! Haven't you ever heard of Prosperity?"

"No, sire; you see, I've been living in this country now for several years, associating with railroad presidents, and the cost of living and some of these new things I have never heard of before."

"Don't argue with me!" Aladdin was plainly peeved. "You go out and find Prosperity and fetch it in to me. I haven't really enjoyed myself for the past seven years. Hurry now!"

The slave was gone for some time. Finally he returned with a puzzled look on his face, holding up his hands appealingly.

"Don't throw anything at me, sire, until you've heard the mystery. I must obey you, but I've been looking for Prosperity along every railroad in the country and—"



Neighborizing the Farmer

One of the most significant facts of our telephone progress is that one-fourth of the 9,000,000 telephones in the Bell System are rural.

In the days when the telephone was merely a "city convenience," the farms of the country were so many separated units, far removed from the centers of population, and isolated by distance and lack of facilities for communication.

But, as the telephone reached out beyond cities and towns, it completely transformed farm life. It created new rural neighborhoods here, there and everywhere.

Stretching to the farthest corners of the states, it brought the remotest villages and isolated places into direct contact with the larger communities.

Today, the American farmer enjoys the same facilities for instant, direct

communication as the city dweller. Though distances between farms are reckoned in miles as the crow flies, the telephone brings every one as close as next door. Though it be half a day's journey to the village, the farmer is but a telephone call away.

Aside from its neighborhood value, the telephone keeps the farmer in touch with the city and abreast of the times.

The Bell System has always recognized rural telephone development as an essential factor of Universal Service. It has co-operated with the farmer to achieve this aim.

The result is that the Bell System reaches more places than there are post offices and includes as many rural telephones as there are telephones of all kinds in Great Britain, France and Germany combined.



"Bottle, if you is non-refillable, how in de dickens did they fill you up the fast time."

Carstairs
1788 Rye 1915

BE sure you get Carstairs Rye in the non-refillable bottle—"a good bottle to keep good whiskey good." Carstairs Rye is the oldest, the purest, the finest whiskey in America. Skillfully blended and aged in wood. Call for Carstairs at your club or hotel—keep it in your home.

STEWART DISTILLING CO.

Philadelphia
New York
Baltimore



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Aladdin started up.

"Look here, donkey!" he exclaimed.

"Why should you expect me to teach you your business? Don't you know that Prosperity left the railroads long ago? I'll—"

But the slave disappeared, for it was no small thing to thwart such an impetuous master. Pretty soon he came back, grinning all over.

"Forgive me, sire," he said, "for being so base as to keep you waiting. Here's Prosperity."

Aladdin's face glowed as he hugged Prosperity to his heart.

"She looks good to me," he muttered, "and from now on we'll never part. By the way, where did you find her?"

The slave actually blushed. He felt as incompetent, that moment as a member of the cabinet.

"Well, you see, sire," he replied, "I didn't find her. When I went out the last time, there she was knocking at the door to get in."



Coming Next Week.

*The Vive La France
Number of*

Life

**Special
Offer**

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

"WHERE LOVE IS"

handsome premium picture
in colors, given with each
yearly subscription.

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

93

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Quaint Cape Cod

Warm Sea-Bathing, Fishing,
Sailing, Golf, Motoring
Tennis, Horseback Riding

Shore Country

Clean, sandy beaches where children
may splash about in warm shallows.

Every breeze an Ocean breeze.

"Quaint Cape Cod" or "Buzzards Bay"

Illustrated booklets; write Advertising Department,
Room 471, Railroad Building, New Haven, Conn.
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

A Creed for Optimists

(By a Pessimist.)

I BELIEVE in Optimism.

I believe in always looking on the
bright side of things and forgetting
the dark, side.

I believe I should be glad at every-
thing I see around me.

I believe I should be glad that the
few are so rich, because it is such a
joy and an inspiration for the rest of
us to go about on sight-seeing tours
and look at their mansions.

I believe there should be a great deal
of poverty, for poverty teaches the
human race humility, thrift and other
Christian virtues.

I believe the rich should have good
incomes, for thus they are able to take
their pleasures in a sane and whole-

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The FIRST CHOICE
of
Men the World Over
for more than
Thirty Years

Silk 50¢
Lisle 25¢



George Frost Co.
Makers
BOSTON



"I have to use spikes for
speed on the field; for com-
fort on unyielding sidewalks
and pavements I use Cat's
Paw Rubber Heels. They're
great."

Walter J. Maranville

That Foster Friction Plug Prevents Slipping

It stands between millions of people and dangerous, slip-
pery sidewalks. It makes Cat's Paw Heels wear longer
because placed right where the jar and wear comes.

If you gave us your own specifications to produce
for you a pair of custom made heels to your indi-
vidual order, we couldn't make a heel more satis-
factory in every way than the pair of Cat's Paw
Cushion Rubber Heels you
get from any dealer for only
50c. — black or tan.



Do you have weak arches?
Then you need the Foster
Orthopedic Heel which
gives that extra support
where needed. Especially
valuable to policemen, mo-
tormen, conductors, floor
walkers and all who are on
their feet a great deal. 75c
attached of your dealer —
or sent postpaid upon re-
ceipt of 50c. and outline of
your heel.

The name is easy to re-
member. The heels are
easy to find. There are no
holes to track mud and dirt.
Yet they cost no more than
the ordinary kind.

Better get a pair today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.

105 Federal Street
Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster
Friction Plug which prevents slipping.



some way—such as yachting, automo-
biling, golfing and the like.

I believe that workingmen should
not be overpaid, for then they will be
unable to waste their time in such
frivolous and soul-destroying activities
as yachting, automobiling, golfing and
so on.

I believe that the cost of living
should be high, because those who can
afford it are in no wise injured thereby,
while the lower classes are thus left
with less money to spend for drink
and other harmful things.

I believe the idle rich should be idle,

because they are thus enabled to add
to the culture and polish of our be-
loved civilization.

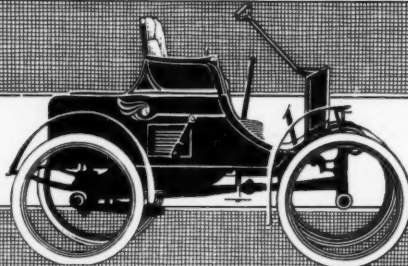
I believe the industrious poor should
work long hours, for they are thus
kept out of mischief.

I believe that the slums and unsani-
tary tenements are excellent things,
because they teach the masses the great
advantages of decency and cleanliness.

I believe in all good, because it is
the foe of evil, and I believe in all
evil, because it leads to good.

I believe in Optimism.

Ellis O. Jones.



Packard

SUCCESS BUILT ON PUBLIC GOOD WILL

Recognition of the Packard as a measure of quality is an essential fact of automobile history.

Public endorsement of the Packard, as shown by sales, has increased steadily year after year. As the art progressed, making it possible to build better, the Packard car has been improved. Growth and progress have fostered the mutual regard between the Packard and its patrons.

There never has been an off day in the mechanical development of the Packard car from the old one-cylinder model that represented the highest state of the art then to the wonderful "3-38" and "5-48" models that represent the furthest advance of the art now.

There never has been an off day in the

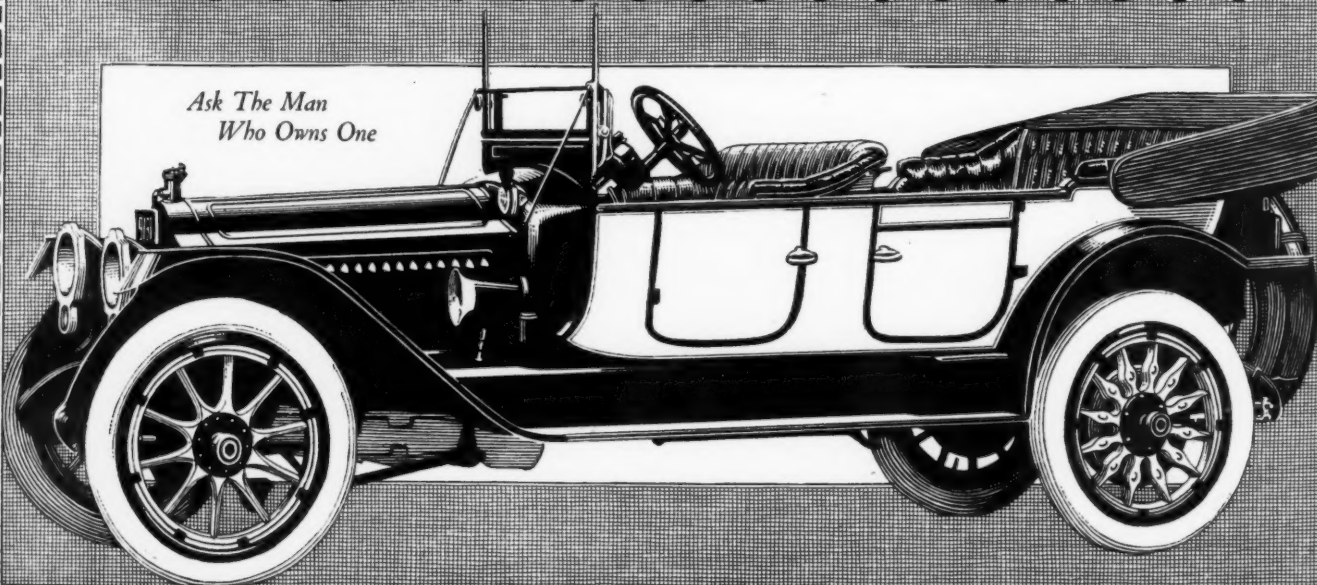
development of the Packard plant from the small machine shop of 1899 to the highly-developed and amazingly efficient factory of the present day.

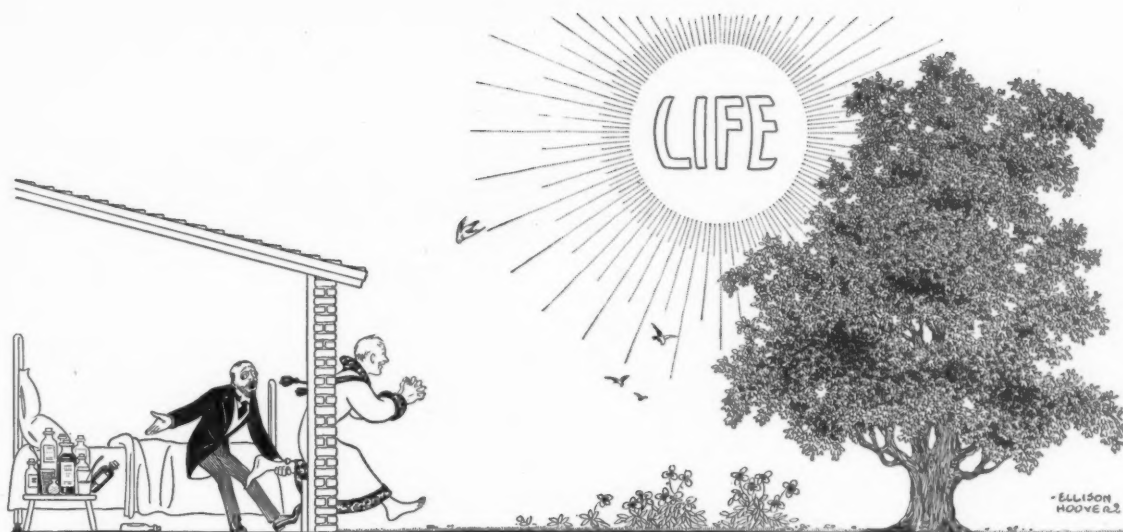
Always by putting profits into engineering research, improved factory equipment and advanced manufacturing practice, *we have compelled the increased output to pay back into the hands of the public increased value in the goods delivered.*

Price is secondary. We build always the highest attainable quality and the price is fixed by the production cost. As our volume grows and our factory methods advance, we are able to give our patrons better cars at lesser price. The Packard car is the visible sign of a great institution founded on an ideal and perpetuated by good will.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

*Ask The Man
Who Owns One*





Is There Enough of It for All?

STATISTICIANS tell us the supply of food is ample for all the inhabitants of the earth, if it were but properly distributed. Is this, we wonder, true of optimism?

One of the great troubles with the food problem is the labor of preparation and distribution. Isn't this also the great trouble with optimism?

Optimism appears to belong exclusively to the poor, who not only accept it unreservedly as their own, but use it more constantly than any other class. The rich and the abnormally intelligent dissect it and destroy it in handling. Being naturally suspicious and overcritical, it disintegrates before their eyes. Optimism is essentially democratic. It is an atmosphere which prevails over low areas. It is the best asset of want.

Optimism was born of Hope out of Tribulation. The rich pretend to be on easy terms with it.

"I am an optimist," says Lucullus, with a forced smile, to conceal his inward despair.

The man who lives with his family on two dollars a day is the true optimist. His optimism is born of necessity. It is not a vain thing. It abideth perennially. It proceedeth not from logic, but from struggle. It is the essence of health and sanity.

The millennium will come when optimism is free for all—the upper as well as the lower.

Literal Obedience

VANDER: I thought your limousine was painted?

ASTERWALL: It was, but it has to be painted again. I ordered it to be finished in neutral colors, and the idiotic workmen painted it red, white and blue.

Materialistic?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Now, children, remember the golden text—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away."

LITTLE GIRL (in a stand-pat Republican family): Not at our house, teacher. It's the tariff that did it.



Optimistic Pup: WELL, I WON'T LOSE MUCH, ANYWAY



OPTIMISTS

Farm Women's Letters

SECRETARY HOUSTON is only forty-nine years old and probably does not intend to be Secretary of Agriculture for the rest of his life. He is president of the Washington University, in St. Louis, and expects, no doubt, to return to that employment when his Cabinet days are over. But meanwhile he is qualifying himself for another occupation than that; to wit, to be the editor of a great and popular periodical to be known as the *Farm Woman's Friend*.

It was suggested to him in July, 1913, that the farm woman was the most neglected factor in the rural problem, and that the department ought to do something for her. He accepted the suggestion and sent out a letter to the wives of fifty-five thousand crop correspondents, asking how the department could improve its service to women. He got 2,241 replies, the pith of which has been published in four reports on the social, domestic, educational and economic needs of farm women.

It would be a mighty good story of American life that would beat these reports. The extracts from women's letters, which mainly compose them, are given, of course, *verbatim*, except that the writers' names are left off and the localities from which they proceed are only generally indicated. Everything, good or bad, that it is possible to say about rural life for women seems to be included in these letters. Some of the writers are men, who have views about the woman's end of farming. It is a man (from Kansas), for example, who says:

I took my wife to the dentist the other day. He wanted over one hundred dollars to fix her teeth, and I cannot afford to have it done, and the result is she will lose her teeth. Still, I raised thirty-five hundred bushels of grain.

A New York woman makes a notable contribution. She writes:

In my family there is something wrong. In my father's family there were eleven who lived to a good age; in my husband's father's family there were seven; in his mother's family there were eight, strong and vigorous. Their parents evidently got along well with their work, while I am often overtaxed in caring for three children, none of whom are any too strong. I see the same condition of affairs all around me, even though families are growing smaller. Cannot some one find the trouble and the remedy? The doctors say get more fresh air, sleep with open windows, eat simple food. At the same time we may look around and see foreigners with as large families as ours used to be, crowded into small, poorly ventilated shacks, eating the poorest of unhygienic food. For instance, an Italian babe may be quieted with an ear of green corn that would give ours the colic, and yet they are strong and vigorous. Might not research on these lines and publication of results do more to prevent race suicide than articles on the subject?

That is an important letter. One smiles at the writer's idea that race suicide is still under reprobation. Dear madam, the times have changed. Colonel Roosevelt, at this writing, is up at Syracuse defending a libel suit, and Mr. Hapgood's *Harper's Weekly* and *The New Republic* are conducting a lively campaign for the better diffusion of information how the most women can have the fewest children with the least inconvenience. Obstetrics and avoidance are popular topics now in periodicals left sagging by the collapse of white slavery, and there is a lively vogue, for the moment, of the theory of social salvation by the "control of births".

Nevertheless, the question why the American farm woman is overtaxed with the care of three delicate children while the Italian woman easily raises a much larger family of much stronger ones goes to the root of all American



"WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG, ALL THE WORLD SEEMS GAY"

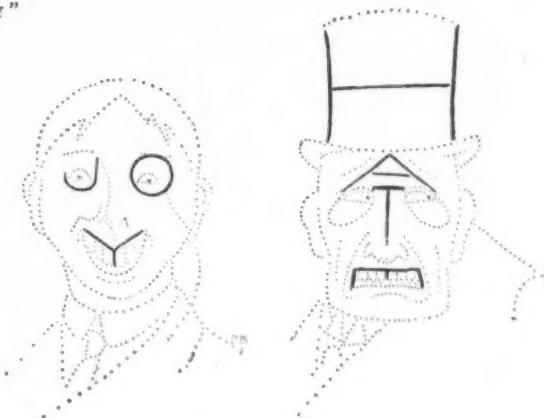
life. The older American stock in this country is an aristocracy, and, like all aristocracies, it is dwindling. The great enemy of the birth rate is education, and especially the higher education. Farm-born children, like all the others, have to go to school, no matter what. Schooling is good for them, but the more of it they are compelled to take, the more they become a luxury instead of a help to parents and the smaller families grow. The old American stock is strong on education and weak in its birth-rate. In this land there is no stability of condition or occupation. We are all climbers, and in all the occupations that involve manual labor we of the North and West have been climbing for the last three generations in competition with a huge immigration from Europe. That has put a great strain on American parents of the older stocks. The

all but universal struggle of American parents is to qualify their children for easier and more lucrative occupations than their own. As fast as newcomers become Americanized they take part in this struggle to rise in life. Very soon their families begin to dwindle and they show in other ways the physical results of an intense competition. The Italian woman whose baby can suck an ear of green corn is nearer to nature than the American woman. Her standard is lower, she knows less, thinks less, is more like a cow. Cows are not lonely in the country; American women mostly are. So many of them confide to Dr. Houston.

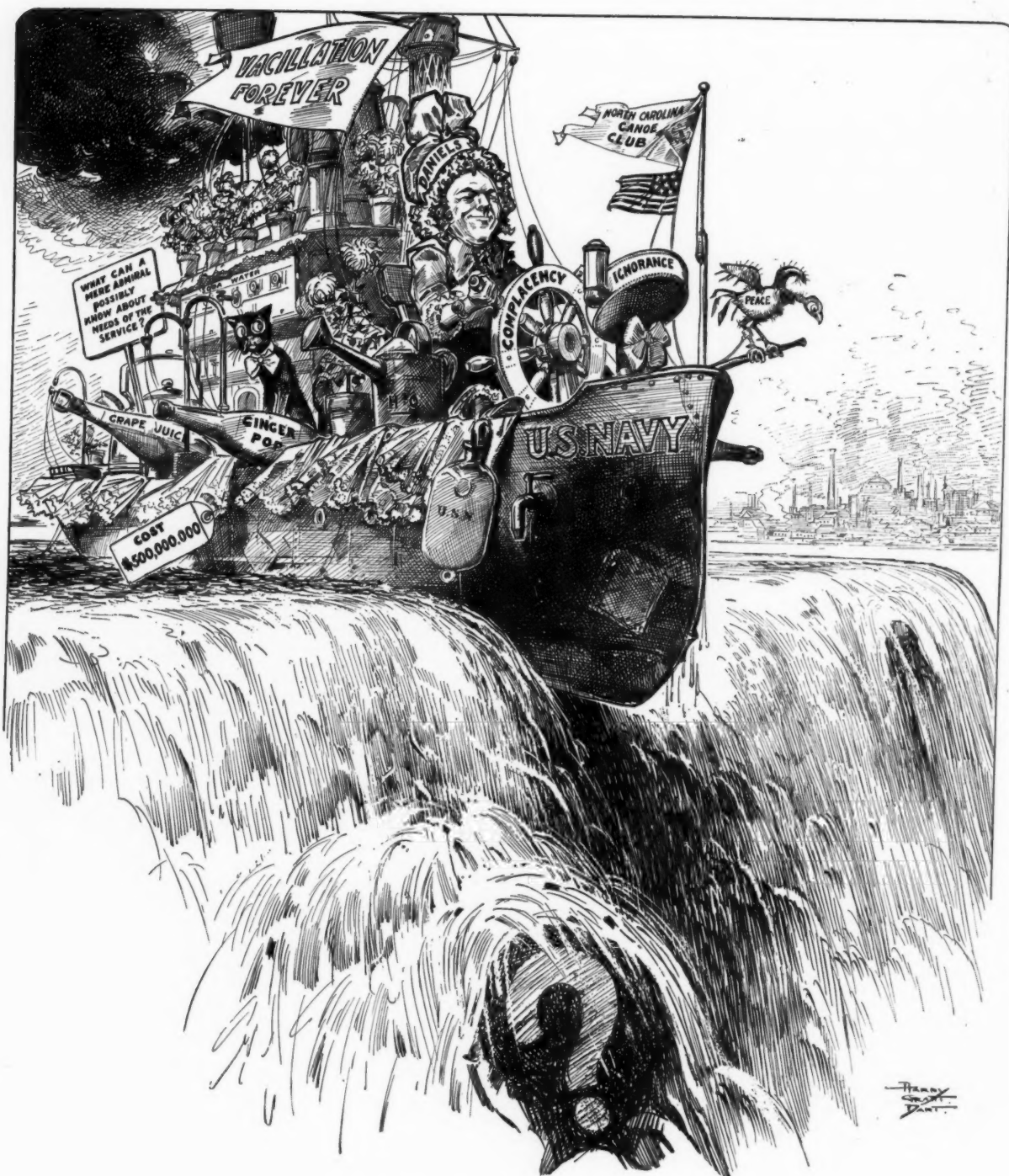
Possibly, too, the Italian woman is helped more by her religion than the American woman, but the state and office of religion in the United States, and especially in rural life, is a large subject. Religion brings imagination into life, and that helps very much, especially in the country. All people, but country dwelling people especially, must live a good deal in the imagination if their life is to be wholesome. Then, too, any kind of a good Church is a social center and brings people together, and that helps rural life.

Civilization rests very much on religion. Most of the civilizations now under observation are resting very uneasily on the religious systems that they have, all of which may be on the eve of readjustment at the repair shop.

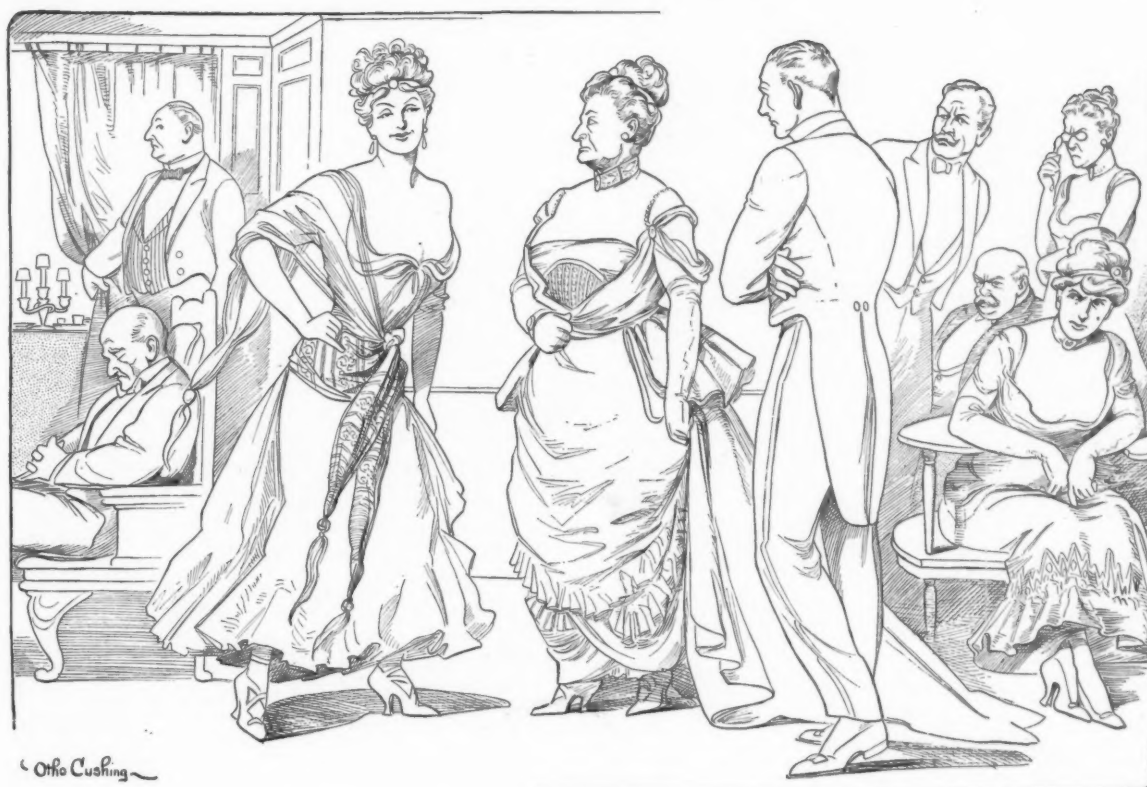
E. S. Martin.



LITERARY EXPRESSIONS



IN THE HANDS OF THE EXPERT



Hostess: YOU HAVE KEPT US ALL WAITING NEARLY AN HOUR.
Miss: BUT JUST THINK, I MIGHT NOT HAVE COME AT ALL!

SHE: Are men and women alike in any respect, think you?
HE: Yes, they both despise women.

Another Sullivan Bill

AT this writing a Sullivan bill is under discussion in Boston.

It may be recalled that there was a Sullivan bill at Washington in December to keep the anti-Catholic *Menace* out of the mails. This Boston bill has a like intent, but a different object, and has a different Sullivan behind it. Its purpose is to expel the movie play, "The Birth of a Nation", from Massachusetts. The negroes don't like this movie any better than Roman Catholics like the *Menace*.

In our opinion, "The Birth of a Nation", in spite of its notable merits as a spectacle, is a bad show; pernicious in spirit and mischievous in intent. But when it comes to passing a special law to suppress it, the objections to that—as in the case of the *Menace*—are stronger than the objections to the show. The habit

of suppression for racial or religious reasons, whether of shows or newspapers, is a bad one to contract. The police have power to stop shows that are indecent or disorderly, and the postmaster can throw bad publications out of the mails. Let it go at that.

Meanwhile, the row over "The Birth of a Nation" has been a wonderful advertisement for that movie. Everybody in New England will have to see it.

Has the Dog a Soul?

All Business

MADGE: I'd rather not meet him. I don't like literary people.

MARJORIE: But you'll like Mr. Best-seller. He isn't literary at all.



POKER TERM
KINGS FULL ON FOURS

How Short Can a Short Story Be?

LIFE will pay one thousand dollars for the best shortest short story

HOW short can a short story be and yet be a short story? LIFE would like to know. So would every writer, and, therefore, all writers are invited to join with LIFE in making a practical test.

LIFE invites contributions of short stories. For the best ones received before noon of October 4, 1915, it will award three prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250.

Extremely important is the fact that *no story must exceed fifteen hundred words in length.*

Read carefully what follows:

All manuscripts which are accepted for publication in LIFE will be paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for every word under fifteen hundred words which the author does not write. To illustrate: if the accepted story is one hundred words in length, then the author will receive \$140, or ten cents a word for the fourteen hundred words which he did not write. For what he does write he receives no pay. If, on the other hand, the accepted story is fourteen hundred and ninety-nine words in length, the author will receive ten cents. This story, however, will stand an equal chance of winning the prize with one which is very much shorter (say, one hundred words), as each story will be judged strictly on its merits as a story.

The stories will be published in LIFE as soon as possible after they are accepted, and will be paid for on acceptance upon the basis which has just been defined. When they have all been published, then the final awarding of the \$1,750 in prizes will be made in the following manner:

The Editors of LIFE will first select, out of all the stories published, the twelve which are, in their judgment, the best. The authors of these twelve stories will then be asked to become judges of the whole contest, which will then include all the stories published. These twelve authors will

decide which are the best three stories, in the order of their merit, to be awarded the prizes. In case, for any reason, any one or more of these twelve authors should be unable to act as judge, then the contest will be decided by the rest.

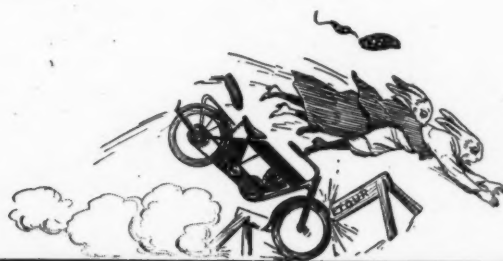
Each of these twelve judges will, of course, if he so wishes, vote for his own story first, so that the final result may probably be determined by the combined second, third and fourth choices of all the judges. This, however, will not affect the result. In case of a division among the judges, the Editors of LIFE will cast the deciding vote.

There is no restriction placed upon the kind of story to be submitted. It may be humorous or tragic, as the author feels it.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the last story has been published in LIFE. Of this there will be due notice. Manuscripts will be accepted from now on as fast as they can be read and passed upon. In every case they should be addressed, "To the Editor of LIFE's Short Story Contest, 17 West 31st Street, New York City", and the author's name and address should be plainly written upon the manuscript, which should be accompanied by return postage in case of rejection. The editors will exercise due care in returning unavailable contributions, but will not hold themselves responsible for loss. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies.

All manuscripts must be in LIFE office by noon of Monday, October 4, 1915. No manuscripts received after that date will be considered. Each contestant may send in as many manuscripts as he desires.

If any of the rules of this contest are violated the Editors of LIFE reserve the right to debar the contributions.



"HASTE TO THE WEDDING"



ARCADIA

The Passing of Magnates

THERE is an optimistic thought in the fact that we do not hear of magnates so much as formerly. The idea conveyed by the word magnate is one of size only—in this case, financial size. It has nothing to do with quality, but only with quantity. This was sufficient for us a few years back. If a man were a magnate, if he possessed the requisite financial bigness, nothing else mattered. If he had money, his virtues could be assumed. Or he didn't need virtues. Or if he should take a sudden notion to affect virtues, that was his business. He was quite able to go into the market, get whatever virtues he needed and pay the highest prices for them.

We seem to be getting more finicky. Mere bigness is no longer acceptable without a detailed statement. We want to know something of its derivation and its aim. Hence, a man who has nothing to recommend him nowadays except the fact that he is a magnate is more apt to shun the spotlight than seek it.

E. O. J.

A Sure Thing

JAMES A. LOYSTER, of Cazenovia, N. Y., has gathered into a book a large number of cases, with descriptions, of children and adults who died as a result of vaccination. The book is for free distribution and is dedicated to the



The Optimist: THERE! I KNEW I'D MAKE IT GO!

memory of his son, Lewis Freeborn Loyster, "who died September 21, 1914, as a sequence of vaccination".

The doctors should give this book a wide circulation as proof of how effectually vaccination prevents smallpox. What better preventive could we ask than a thing like vaccination, which kills its patient of tetanus, or something else, and lays him away where neither smallpox nor any other disease can ever reach him again?



Shinly: I FIND WHISKEY DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME
Hotboy: DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU. KEEP ON
TILL IT DOES



Benevolent Suffragette: I'M GOING TO KISS EVERY MAN
THAT VOTES FOR ME

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

*Prevalence of Sunshine
in Middle of Calamity*

To Editor "Life Literary Digest",
prominent printer of vivisection, old
maids, theatrical syndicate and other
optimism,

DEAR SIR:—

Hon. Nero Futomoto, Japanese
undertaker, approach to me of recently
with more hopeful expression than is
frequent among business men.

"Hon. Nero," thusly I support,
"why you appear so diamond when all
else contain colors peculiar to pressed
mud? Are you not aware? All
Europe is scrushed together. While
France & Germany enjoy excitement
of battle Belgium and Chicago must
pay for their amusement by starvation.
Wall Street send relief to Belgium,
but Belgium are too Scottish to give
nourishment to Wall Street. Also ob-
serve Mexico. If Hon. Bryan send
another peace-message to there all



"Why you smile so irritably?"



"Youngly man of Jack Barrymore eyebrows make passby"

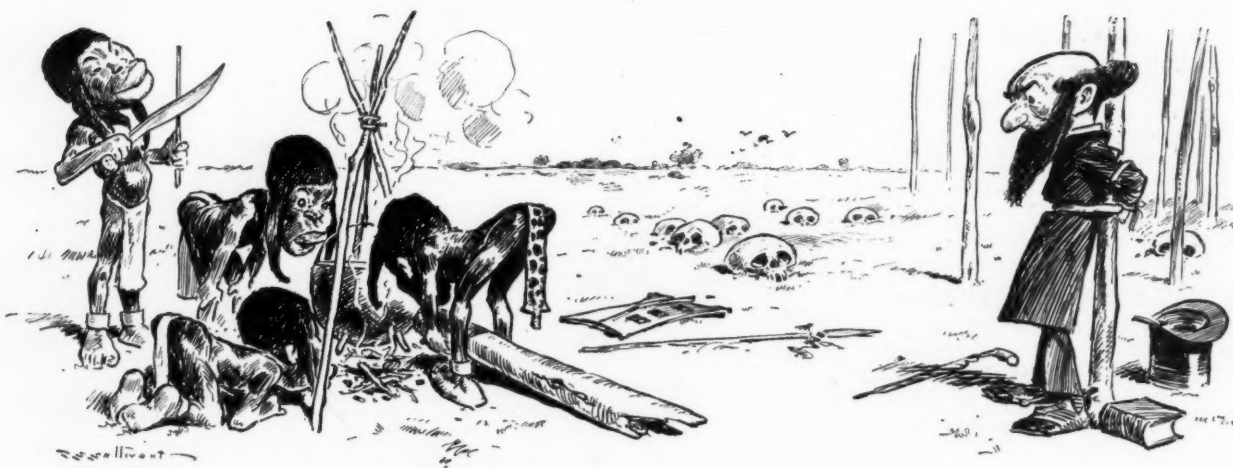
barber-shops must be closed, because
everybody prefer throat-cut to hair-
cut. Why you so smile irritably?"

"Because thus," report Hon. Nero
Futomoto with cheeritability peculiar
to floral contribution. "Business of
undertaking are depressed more
gloomly than all other trades during
hardtimliness at present. Why is?
Firstly because persons must be econ-
omy with food & drunk which make
long life from thin stummick. Sec-
ondly because so much death in Europe
make funerals too common so all per-

sons are disgusted to die in year when
that deed are too frequent for be
charming any more. Consequence of
this there are very little embalming &
hearsing to be done in this wreck year."

"Why then should you destroy hap-
piness by your continuous bright ex-
pression?" I ask to know.

"So ha!" he narrate. "I am
cheerful by X Science which teach us
that prosperity are here when it are
absent. Time for praise & hope are
when things are most gloom, because
future are more brighter than any-



OPTIMISM

The Victim: IT CERTAINLY IS A GLORIOUS DAY FOR A PICNIC

thing else. In time of peace everybody must be serious because preparing for war. In time of war each person must behave kittenish because preparing for peace. When folks are most amused they are less joyful, because too busy enjoying themselves. Nobody is so happy as gentleman living in dee cellar observing merry-go-around outside. Thusly it are with life."

"You learn considerable life from undertaking business?" are next question for me.

"I am in position to meet all best people at only time of their lives when everybody are saying pleasant things about them. Also, from unpleasant duty of always remaining cheerful I can see nothing but rosy in all outlooks."

"What you see rosy for outlook of American and other business canditions?" I require peevly.

"Great optimism can be produced by statistics," he divulge. "Therefore I show you a few I made for all branches of American industry."

"Cotton—European war have made great demand for American cotton to be shot off in cannons. Democratic administration have been so kind to South that cotton grow twice as fast. Therefore, if war keeps on and Wilson continues what can keep Southern planters from making finance go

around again with speed resembling bisickles? Nothing!

"Army and Navy—'The Army & Navy Forever' were entitle of speech delivered by important Congressman. This indicate that Congress are so well satisfied with soldiers and boats just as they always was that they will continue without change forever. Thusly war will be averted by impossibility to fight."

"Income Tax—Due to fall-off among wealthy rich there are no incomes to tax, therefore American are more free than formerly."

"Temperance—Sale of patent medical drinks in Prohibition centers prove that whiskey habit are being cured by use of alcohol."

"Marriage—This species of birth-rate have been deliciously increased during past 12 months, because 2 can live cheaper than 1. Increased polygamy also noticed in Utah where 4 can live cheaper than 2."

"Solid Virtues—Caused by simplicity of living folks must become more moral. Consequence of this they spend less \$\$ on roof garden and more cc on movery-picture shows."

"Tango—Hardness of times are causing Hon. Vernon Castle to retire from business with 10000000\$ pretty soonly as quick as he can make more. Therefore. Folks will forget how to

dance and go back to simple turkey-trot of our fourfathers.

"Taxicabs—Nearly all American Taxicabs has been sold to Allies for fight Germany. This are probably reason why advance in Belgium are frequently so slow and expensive. Health & wealth are considerably saved in New York where walking is being taught in midnight restaurants."

Hon. Nero Futomoto say this statistics parigorically.

"I am inflamed by your bright & optimo thoughts," are smart comet from me. "Also I admire you more than Caruso. In time of health undertakers should mourn. Yet you bravely retain comedy!"

"Martyrs smile sweetest," he divulge, "when expecting execution."

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.
(Per Wallace Irwin.)

Getting Even

FIRST VILLAGER: Hello, Aaron; hear you've got married. What kind of a match did you make?

SECOND VILLAGER: Well, neighbor, I didn't do as well as I expected—but to tell the truth, I don't think she did, either.



TRAGIC MOMENTS
ENGAGED

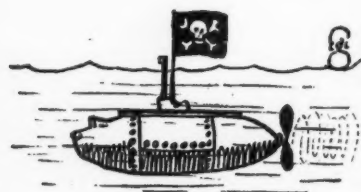


MAY 20, 1915

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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AS LIFE goes to press the only intimation of the action of our government in the case of the Lusitania is what can be gleaned from the President's remarks to some newly naturalized citizens in Philadelphia. Of course these remarks must not be taken as addressed to Germany, or as a token of our national attitude. The President said: "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

To be sure, but when it comes to fighting outlaws we are not too proud. We are just as humble as anybody. And as to a nation being so right that it does not need to use force, that seems to depend on circumstances and on the state of mind of the nation that is wrong. There is no sign yet that with Germany anything but force, applied or prospective, will have the least effect.

We should not say it was the Germans who sunk the Lusitania. Germans did sink her, but they were men acting under orders. We should go back of them to the source of their activities.

It was the Kaiser who sank that ship and took those lives. It is he that stands for that crime. It is he and his divine right that stands for this war. He and that element in Germany

that has linked its fortunes with his are accountable in this matter.

We must not forget that. We must not forget that this war of wars is a desperate struggle of absolutism to cripple democracy; a war of force to cripple freedom; a war of frightfulness on faith. It is not a war of the German people on anybody. Their bodies have been in it, but not their minds. Their minds have not worked. Their wills have counted for nothing except obedience. It is a war of the German masters on all free peoples.

Of course the sinking of the Lusitania was just more "frightfulness"; a flash of terrorism to scare us all into submission to the Lords of Earth. The German masters, it seems, cannot be satisfied to leave us out of their universal discipline. While they are subduing the world, we might as well be included. And so they get to work and sink our ships, and, contrary to all known rules of civilized warfare, drown our defenseless citizens by the hundred on an unarmed merchant vessel.

How now, brethren? What are we going to do? We have been defied with monstrous outrages. These German masters are marshaling their poor subjects with aid of any hellish machine that contrivance can perfect to destroy every principle of government, every asset of civilization that we value or respect. Nothing holds them. Law, custom, treaties, morals are all straw to them. Fear they understand, for they have known it; force they understand, for they have used it, and it has been used on them. By fear and force they think

to have their way with us and all the world besides.

Well, brethren, shall they have it?



A GENTLEMAN who went to France last month wrote this letter, which he addressed to the President:

On April — I am sailing with my family for Bordeaux on a French ship.

In case the boat is torpedoed by the Germans I request that you will make a protest. I do not ask you to inaugurate quiet and friendly inquiries or negotiations with Germany as to the rumors of my death. Indeed, your willingness to rely on quiet negotiations under the circumstances of the Falaba case is what causes me uneasiness as to the safety of my family. The course that you have taken in that case has made travel for Americans not more safe, but much more unsafe; and should the American public come to acquiesce in the methods of the Administration we may expect wholesale killing of Americans by the Germans.

I ask you, in case of my death, to take some action that shall be immediate and open, and which shall awaken all Americans to the fact that an appeal to arms may be needed to save the lives of our citizens—to say nothing of the honor of our nation.

He did not send his letter to the President, not being satisfied at the time that it was wise to do so. And happily, he and his family got safely across to France. But in the gloom of the sinking of the Lusitania it looks like a good letter for anybody to read. Certainly we all feel that "quiet and friendly inquiries" have passed their usefulness. When the pacificent *Evening Post* speaks of the destroyers of the sunken Cunarder as "wild beasts against whom society has to defend itself at all hazards", there can hardly remain a doubt even in the most reluctant mind that "quiet negotiations" are played out, and that the time has come for some action with punch in it.

For our part, we still look with hope for such action from President Wilson. It was he who said the

other day in a public address that if a really worth-while scrap should offer, he was the man for it. It was he who so very lately served formal notice on the German Government that "if commanders of German vessels of war . . . should destroy on the high seas an American vessel or the lives of American citizens, . . . the government of the United States would be constrained to hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability . . . and take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property." These words, of course, gave universal satisfaction to the people of this country. They are in the record, and Mr. Wilson may surely be trusted to make every letter of them good. Of all the lives that have been poured out in the great war, none, we are confident, will prove to have been expended to more fruitful purpose than those of the six score Americans who died when the Lusitania went down.



THE Titanic loss was fifteen hundred and three lives. Estimates at this writing make the loss by the Lusitania one or two hundred less. But the main difference is that one was accident, the other murder; "a deed"—to quote the *Evening Post* again—"for which a Hun would blush, a Turk be ashamed and a Barbary pirate apologize".

This is the greatest disaster that has befallen the German arms since the retreat from Paris last September. Not one of those thirteen hundred lives—not a baby, not a woman, not a stoker nor a millionaire—will be wasted. It is sad about them, but at least these non-combatants—and especially the forty babies—have done a feat of great military value. By their death they have shocked the moral sense of a nation that needed a shock of terrific penetration to jolt it into action. Those torpedoes got to



HOW LONG WILL YOU BEAR IT, FATHER KNICKERBOCKER?

the quick of our hesitant country. Of course we are not afraid. We slattern along in a state of vociferous neglect of preparation, and then always we are like President Wilson in that if there offers a really worth-while scrap, we are for it.

No doubt that is the way with most countries, but it is not what Europe thinks of us. An American writes from Paris:

The general European opinion of the United States is that we have no thought beyond a dollar. Their people come to America and do not get beyond Wall Street and the Chicago pork packeries, and they do not realize that there is no civilized nation where wealth has less

political influence. Neither do they understand that we are a sentimental people and full of idealism.

The Europeans in these days are finding out a good many things about themselves and one another, and it will be all in the day's work if they find out something about us. Some of them have been developing consciousness that they have souls, and if we develop a discernible soul they may be able to recognize it. So far since this war began our national soul has not been easily discernible from a distance. But it has been in its place all the time. The great American desire has been not dollars at all, but to be right.

The Defect of Baseball

WHEN we look at the inwards of the question, we can not blame the Albany Legislature for prohibiting baseball on Sunday. The trouble with baseball is that it is a little too open and above-board for the average legislator. Legislators do their best work, such as laying and pulling wires, in secret. What they do in public is solely for public misinformation. When they have anything important to say they go into executive session. It is not reasonable, therefore, that they would be in complete sympathy with a sport that everybody can see is healthful and harmless.

If the youth of the country want to be successful and ultimately reach the high estate of our majestic legislative solons, they must eschew the open air and learn to spend their Sundays in quiet indoor plotting and other activities of which illicitness and secrecy are prime components.

E. O. J.

"THE more chaste, the less speed."



SINCE DISCOVERING A NARROW CHAIR ALGY MANAGES TO ENJOY HIS VISITS TO MISS PLUMPLEIGHS



"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"

Revised

ALL the world's a frame-up.
And all the players in it simply Barneses and Roosevelts.

They have their exits and their entrances,
And each one in his time plays many trump cards.
And Demos pays the rent. At first the novice
Elected to some unobtrusive district,
Mewing and crooning in his boss's arms,
And then the leader walking more certainly, to fool
The people with the sophist's art;
And after him the governor and the boss incipient
Between them lapping up the cream of franchise:
The one with mask of patriotic worth,
The other epic in his blatant rule;
Until at last they meet, and heaven resounds
Exposing to the world this strange, eventful history—
Sans shame, sans power, sans hope, sans everything.

T. L. M.

Fashion Changes

MRS. NUWED: When we got married didn't you promise me a new hat every season?

NUWED: But you never told me that there were about a dozen hat seasons in a year.



HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED—AND WHY IS IT?
THIS MAN'S AUTOMOBILE COST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS—

Is Our Custom House in Danger?

SO busy has everybody been with the progress of the war and the opening of the baseball season, that the condition in our custom house has temporarily been overlooked by a people who are usually sympathetic.

But consider the number of custom house officials who are languishing at the docks because there are no returning American citizens to harass and insult!

When you have been in the habit of brow-beating defenseless strangers, of treating them like common criminals, of ripping open their trunks and subjecting them to every indignity, secure in the knowledge that the United States Government is back of you, is it not cruel to have your occupation suddenly taken away from you?

It is to pity our custom house officers, many of whom haven't insulted anybody for weeks.

The government, it would seem, is powerless. No government, in time of war, however honorable its intentions, can send its most respectable citizens abroad in order that

by returning they will give their custom house officers an opportunity to keep their hands in. This is too much to expect.

The danger lies, of course, in the fact that our custom house officers left thus without any defenseless material to work upon may soon become actually pleasant. To be brutal, to show your victims your power in the most offensive ways approved by the government, requires, as we know, constant practice. Is it fair to our custom house to let them lapse?

Some of our most sensitive and refined people with good manners ought to volunteer for custom house work, and go through the custom house occasionally with their trunks even if it is only a sham. Every custom house official is like a horse to be exercised. He ought to open a couple of trunks a day and have the opportunity to insult a lady, in order that the future of one of our most sacred institutions shall be preserved.



WHILE THIS MAN'S COST ONLY FIVE HUNDRED



LIFE ·



The Optimist

The Latest Books

THERE is a much to be pitied type of human being whose exemplars ripen early on the outside, but remain, either until late in life or until the end, hard and unresponsive within. They have quick surface sensitiveness, but wooden-Indian insides. The consciousness of their deficiency makes them diffident; and their consequent withdrawals cause them to be pursued. And they live, as a result, in a sort of antiphony of being mistaken for heroes, and of being mistaken for clods. The first novel of an American writer, Sidney Williams, recently published (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.35), and called "A Reluctant Adam", is devoted to the depiction of a type-specimen of this unhappy class. Its author has a distinct stylistic sense and an excellent working knowledge of the type he has chosen as his subject. But his story, like his chief character, hasn't ripened below the surface. It appeals to the intelligence, but leaves the emotions almost unstirred and sympathy all but unawakened.

HONORÉ WILLISIE'S story of the career of a young engineer in the United States Reclamation Service, "Still Jim" (Stokes, \$1.35), has its appeals and its shortcomings arranged just the other way about. On the surface it is a mild melodrama, the carefully sterilized villainies and partisan providences of whose plot the intelligence refuses to



The Optimist: OH, WELL, I ALWAYS WAKE UP JUST BEFORE THEY GRAB ME!



TOMMY (C) ATKINS

more than grin at. But the heart of the tale is living and sound. Its people are warm to the touch. It is constantly (by the genuineness of its own sympathies and emotions) stirring those of its readers to a real response. And in its discussions of the petering out of Anglo-Saxon leadership in America and of the need of team-work in practical patriotism, the author has something personal to say and says it with personality.

EDWARD A. ROSS is professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin. He also wrote the work

much talked of a few years ago, "The Changing Chinese"—a volume in which was recorded the field observations of a sociological specialist made hurriedly but on the spot in the crucial months of the Chinese revolution. Now a new book, "South of Panama" (Century, \$2.40), offers us, in a quite different field, the travel impressions and social criticisms of this interested and outspoken observer. Professor Ross has been touring South America. But not as a diplomatist with a mission, nor as an agent of commercial reciprocity. He went, quite simply, as a sociologist on a vacation. And



"OH, MOTHER, FRITZ HAS WON THE IRON CROSS!"
 "HERRLICH! HE MUST HAVE KILLED A FINE LOT."
 "YES. A DOZEN."
 "REALLY! A DOZEN SOLDIERS?"
 "NO; THREE WERE NURSES. HE DROPPED
 A BOMB ON A HOSPITAL."

he gives us his impressions with the entomological frankness of a bug man discussing bugs.

THE ant hill of the world's settled opinions has had the top kicked off, and all the little artists and philosophers and theologians are running frantically about with their pet eggs in their arms. Some call theirs isms; and some call theirs antis. But helterskelterism will do as a generic term for the situation, which is a bit confusing to look at, but delightfully lively while it lasts. Here are two literary experiments that belong to it. James Oppenheim's "The Beloved" (Huebsch, \$1.25) is an at-

tempt to fuse the stark realism of a little slum love story, and the passionately lyric spirit of a song of youth's awakening, into a glowing synthesis of prose-poetry. The book contains passages of truth-to-youth that are really fine in their unaffected simplicity. Also rhapsodic interludes of achieved beauty. But as a fusion the thing fails, when all is said, to coalesce; the fire fails to burn out the dross.

THE other—a little volume of fifty pages, divided into twenty-seven chapters—is called "The Book of the Serpent" Sherman, French Company,

Boston, \$1.00). It is by Katharine Howard. It reports some casual conversations, which took place in the Creative Evolutionary workshop about the time Adam was being mixed, between the Turtle, the Grasshopper, the Serpent and the Divine Potterer. It is lovely in its wording. It is childlike in its apparent inconsequence. It has an elfish humor. But its real hold on one is this: that while one is forever on the point of dismissing it as a piece of mere tom-fooling, one is forever catching sight of eternal wisdom peeking out at one between the lines.

J. B. Kerfoot.



Bess: DOES HELEN'S FIANCE KNOW HER AGE?
Tess: WELL, PARTLY.



One Very Good Laugh for the Summer



IN these depressing times anything with a genuine laugh in it comes as a glad surprise. There are so many laughs in "A Full House", which arrived at the Longacre without any special heralding, that the first-night audience, which came to bury this particular Caesar and not to praise him, was stirred to unexpected fits of merriment. The piece is best described by the classic billboard term, "a rip-roaring farce". The programme frankly admits that it is a farce without any "comedy" modifications. It is staged and played in purely farcical spirit, and Mr. Edgar MacGregor, who is credited with the staging, has certainly rehearsed the company into a complete realization of the necessity of good team work to make the swift-moving action effective.

To attempt to relate the plot would be breaking a butterfly on a wheel, so its intentions may be indicated by the summary that a newly married lawyer who is trying to save his friend in a blackmailing case gets mixed up in a jewel robbery that has nothing to do with the affairs of his client, but which brings about complications with the police and domestic affairs that lead to all sorts of laughable lines and situations. The authorship is attributed to Mr. Fred Jackson, hitherto not prominent as a dramatist, and Mr. Frazee has given the play an excellent cast. Most prominent among the fun-makers are May Vokes as an Iowa servant girl transplanted to

a New York apartment, but longing for her native wilds, and Mr. Herbert Corthell as an unusually fat burglar. Other character rôles with mirthful achievements are the English butler of Mr. Edgar Norton and the uniformed policeman of Mr. Hugh Cameron. Besides these there is a humorous cast of more conventional characters extremely well portrayed.

In "A Full House" the Longacre seems to have achieved that ambition of all theatres at this time of year—a laughing success which will run out the usually dull summer months.



IS it possible that any of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's writings could ever pall on us in these days when his vogue is so great? Mr. Arnold Daly has revived "Arms and the Man", but in its presentation to-day it seems to have lost something of its earlier appeal. This may be due partly to the coldness of the Park Theatre as a place for subtle comedy effects and partly to the fact that Mr. Daly is not in his best physical form to buoy up a performance. Certain it is that "Arms and the Man" does not to-day inspire the Shaw enthusiasm that greeted it of old. Perhaps we are expecting too much of Mr. Shaw and do not appreciate him at his full worth when he is not tilting with satire and paradox at some question of contemporary importance.

The performance of "The Death of Tintageles" by the Gamut Club makes Maeterlinck easily first as the Gloomy Gus of the modern drama.



THE Hippodrome show has improved vastly since the big house first deserted its own peculiar field of elaborate spectacle to venture into a combination of moving pictures and vaudeville features. It has lost its individuality, but anyone who wishes only to be diverted is bound to find a good percentage of amusement in the varied entertainment offered and changed each week.



THE Bramhall closed suddenly and for the season with two performances of its second production. The unwholesomeness of its plays seems to have negated the attractive surroundings in this curious, small theatre.

On the other hand, the ventures of the Washington Square Players at the small Bandbox Theatre seem to have found a public. They are very far from the conventional, but they have a spirit of artistic enthusiasm which saves them from the taint of morbidity. The third bill, consisting of four short plays, with their topics well contrasted, is daring in some particulars, but not offensive. Crude and amateurish in many respects, there is at the same time an earnestness and sincerity about these performances which make them seem the possible seeding ground for something that will later on develop into valuable accomplishment. The ordinary playgoer who visits the Bandbox may miss a lot of the elaboration to which he is accustomed, but he is bound to find something that is unusual to amuse or interest him. In the interest of theatrical independence it is to be hoped that the organization can hang together for greater achievement in the future.



THE recent great disaster calls to the minds of those conversant with the theatre the tragic deaths of Sam S. Shubert, Lawrence Irving and Henry B. Harris, although



Success: YES, THE DIPLOMAS ARE GOOD, BUT YOU START FROM THE BOTTOM WITH THE OTHERS

these three lost their lives in calamities which humanity strives to avert instead of in a deliberate and devilishly contrived plan to destroy human life. In the list of the Lusitania martyrs to piratical warfare the names of Charles Frohman, Charles Klein and Justus Miles Forman are familiar to those who know the theatre. There is mourning for the dramatists, one mature and the other beginning in accomplishment.

story, but with advertising and its possibilities as the main theme and getting a whole lot of fun out of a commonplace subject.

Comedy.—"The White Feather." Rural England in the throes of the spy-scare. Well-acted and highly interesting drama based on certain domestic possibilities in England during the present war.

Cort.—"Under Cover." Polite melodrama showing in a humorous way the dangers of high-class smuggling and some of the defects of our customs service. Well acted and interesting.

Eltinge.—"The Song of Songs." Very detailed picturing of fast life, adapted to

There is a unique sense of loss in the death of Charles Frohman, who in the world of the theatre to-day held a place distinctly his own. Often the subject of honest criticism that he never resented, he was a manager who cared more for what he accomplished than the profit that came from it, a manager who was generous and honest with his artists and a manager who kept his word.

Metcalfe.

Confidential Guide

LIFE readers, in making their selections from the list below, should confirm their choice by reference to the advertising columns of the daily newspapers. At this time of year managers are even more erratic than usual in dealing with the public, and an access of hot weather would mean closings too sudden to be anticipated in a journal that requires a week to go through the press.

Booth.—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Bubble". A not especially clever play of lower middle-class life in the delicate line of business, giving the star ample opportunity to display his unquestioned ability as a dialect comedian.

Candler.—"On Trial." A somewhat hackneyed melodramatic story told and acted well, with a new twist in the method of unfolding the plot which makes the whole thing very well worth seeing.

Casino.—"A Modern Eve." Very light-weight girl-and-music show, diverting if one has not tired of ragtime and its usual variations.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." Farcical comedy with a twist. Far from being a whole lot of fun out of a commonplace subject.

Comedy.—"The White Feather." Rural England in the throes of the spy-scare. Well-acted and highly interesting drama based on certain domestic possibilities in England during the present war.

Cort.—"Under Cover." Polite melodrama showing in a humorous way the dangers of high-class smuggling and some of the defects of our customs service. Well acted and interesting.

Eltinge.—"The Song of Songs." Very detailed picturing of fast life, adapted to

American conditions from Sudermann's novel. Well played and of interest to those who care for that phase of existence.

Empire.—"A Celebrated Case." Revival of play better suited to the theatrical taste of audiences forty years ago than those of to-day. Notable in its cast of well-known artists of our own time.

Forty-eighth Street.—Season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. A not brilliant but competent company headed by Mr. De Wolf Hopper in revivals of the old favorites.

Forty-fourth Street.—Emma Trentini and Clifton Crawford in "The Peasant Girl". Tuneful Viennese comic operetta, well sung and in most respects well above the average of the current musical shows.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." Should a gentleman become so inebriated that he mistakenly goes to bed in the apartment of a lady neighbor instead of in his own? An extremely farcical and laughable discussion of this question.

Gaiety.—"She's In Again." Notice later.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Very diverting musical extravaganza, elaborately staged and full of the kind of fun dispensed by Messrs. Montgomery and Stone.

Harris.—Margaret Illington in "The Lie". Two sisters, a bad one and a good one, supply contrasting lives with enough that's dramatic in them to make an interesting play, although the scene is laid in a quiet English country-house.

Hippodrome.—Moving pictures interspersed with musical and vaudeville features.

Hudson.—Closed.

Liberty.—"The Birth of a Nation." Impressive moving picture rehearsing in dramatic and spectacular form, on a large scale but with much attention to detail, the events at the close of the Civil War and during the reconstruction period.

Longacre.—"A Full House." See above.

Lyceum.—Margaret Anglin in "Beverly's Balance", by Paul Kester. Light but amusing comedy of divorce charmingly played and lasting just long enough not to become tiresome.

Lyric.—"The Only Girl," by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Tuneful and amusing version of a comedy that once figured on the legitimate stage. Passes an evening agreeably.

Marine Elliott's.—"Experience." Spectacular and interesting allegory dealing after the manner of the morality play with the sins and vices of modern life.

Park.—Last fortnight of Mr. Arnold Daly and a competent company in presentation of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and "Arms and the Man".

Playhouse.—"Sinners," by Mr. Owen Davis. Once more the drama points out in the familiar way that virtue is to be found only in the rural districts and that city life is very vicious.

Princess.—"Nobody Home." Light and diverting girl-and-music show, especially notable for the extremely up-to-date gowning of the female members of the company.

Republic.—"The Natural Law," by Charles Sumner. Unpleasantly frank discussion of a sex topic not very thoroughly sugar-coated by a commonplace play.

Shubert.—"Trilby." An excellent reproduction of the romantic drama of studio life in Paris based on Du Maurier's famous book. Well acted by company including several members of the original cast.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Mr. Lou Tellegen in "Taking Chances". Comedy with its hero a professional thief. Well acted, but dependent for the most part on the risky character of some of its scenes.

Winter Garden.—Last week of "Maid in America". A prodigal setting forth of the things that appeal to the dramatic instinct of the t. b. m. in which it is not forgotten that he likes chorus girls, ragtime and brilliant costuming.

Ziegfeld's Follies.—Begins at midnight and supplies cheer in the way of eating, drinking, cabaret and dancing for the sleepless ones.



HUSBANDS OF THE RIGHT SORT

Optimists and the War

THIS war was brought on by some unseen but far-seeing intelligence in order to discomfit the optimists. The optimists had got things almost entirely their own way. They were running with the bit in their teeth, and were just about to push everybody else out of the seats of the mighty. It had got so that nobody but the optimists were respectable. Their story was that the human race was not only a superbly wonderful race, but that it was getting better all the time, and that everything was for the best, and that civilization had

never before reached such a high state of civilization, and that we were rapidly gaining on the millennium. So long and so insistently did they din this into our ears that nearly everybody finally was in the way of believing it.

Everybody but the pessimists, of course, the few obstinate pessimists who could only sit back and bite their lips in resentment at the way things were going. And then, suddenly, by some mysterious but tremendously effective *coup d'état*, the pessimists (or their representatives) brought on the biggest and most disastrous war in all the long history of the whole world. The result has already been decisive. The optimists long since took to their heels in dismay, and he is indeed a venturesome and irresponsible optimist who to-day can forget Europe long enough to assert that the human race is on the up-grade. It may be that a reaction will come in time, and that the voice of the optimist will again be heard throughout the land, but their cause has been retarded at least a century.

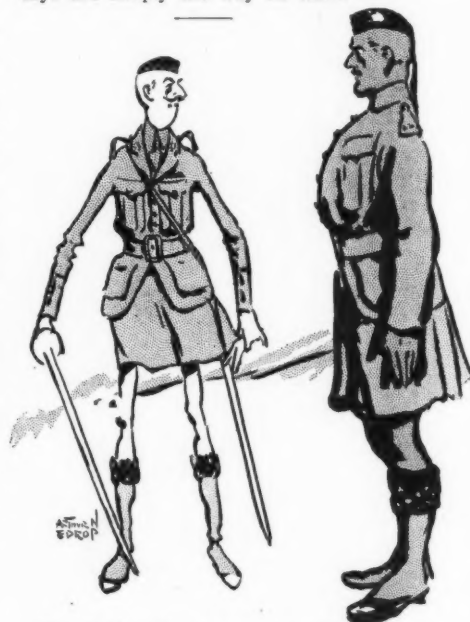
E. O. J.



STRICT NEUTRALITY

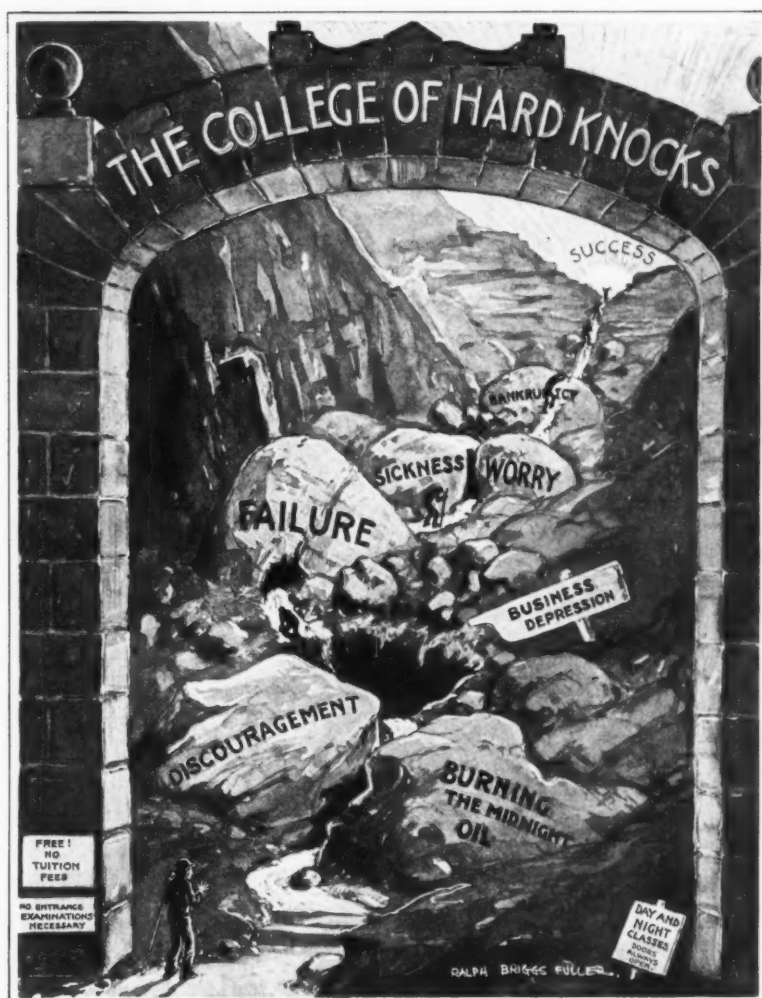
Crothers Says

DR. SAMUEL CROTHERS, essayist and Unitarian minister, declines to be shocked by Billy Sunday. He says: "The things that Sunday says are simply the way he talks."



The Captain (to the new recruit): WE MUST ADD A GREATER GLORY TO OUR ANCIENT UNIFORM BY EARNING THE RIGHT TO FILL IT. KEEP THIS ALWAYS BEFORE YOU

PESSIMIST—A man who hopes Germany will be victorious.



THE GREATEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD

Our Help Column

(Those who are in trouble and distress should apply to us.)

Q. I am a Secretary of the Navy and am in great trouble. There is a widespread impression that I have made an ass of myself and that I am not up to my job. Yet, strange to say, I am not conscious of having done anything wrong. Ought I to resign? Or would it be more manly for me to stay?

A. Above all things, don't resign. Remember that the theatres are declining, that the "movies" are mo-

notonous, and that our opportunities for amusing ourselves are limited. It is your duty to stay on and keep us cheerful by what you are. God has given you this gift. Do not abandon it at a critical moment.

Q. I have been connected for some time with a certain Department of State, but the work is not congenial and the pay is too small to interest me. Besides, it is done so well by subordinates that I really hate to interfere with it. What I want to know is, am I right in keeping these subordinates? Should I not replace them with those who know nothing,



AN EARLY OPTIMIST

so that, in the course of time, by setting this fearful example now, the department salaries will be raised to the point where really competent help can be hired?

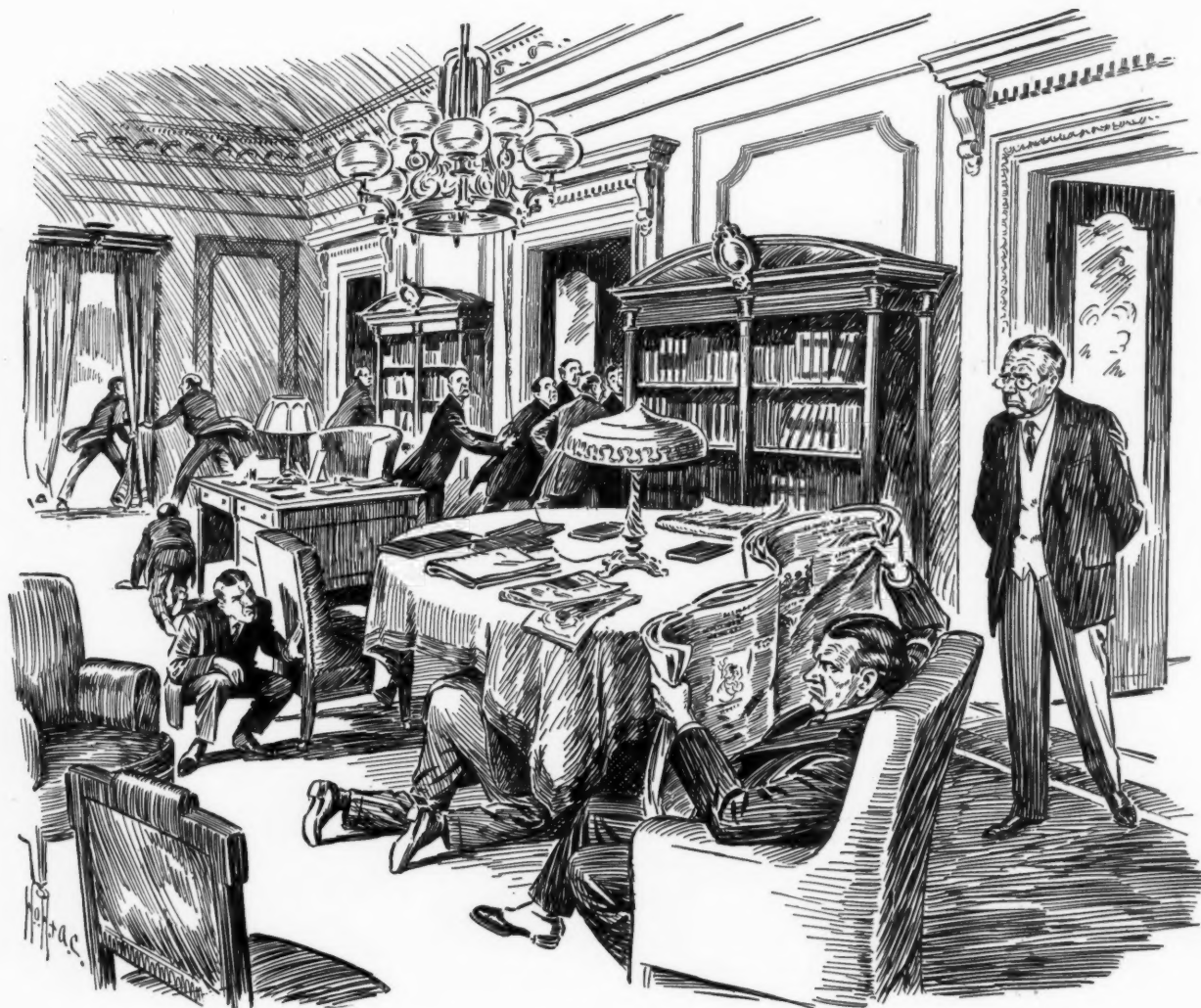
A. We cannot undertake to relieve your mind on this point, as it is too personal. It is a question of God and your own conscience.

Q. I am a popular revivalist and am in a quandary. By use of a loud voice and a course of reading in the Fables of George Ade, I have suddenly discovered a brand-new way of making money out of an innocent and confiding people. Now, out of every hundred thousand dollars I take in, I only get about one-half. What troubles me is how to get the other half. If it weren't for me, you know, it wouldn't exist. Ought I to do something about it?

A. This is easy. No, friend. Don't do anything about it. Read the words of David Harum, who said: "Always let the other fellow make a profit."

CRAWFORD: How can he make money out of short stories if he never sold one?

CRABSHAW: Why, man, he's teaching others how to write them.



AT THE CLUB
ENTER THE PESSIMIST

Short Biography of General Prosperity

GENERAL PROSPERITY comes from a long line of ancestors, all of whom have not been so fortunate as he. Many of them, however, especially those who were pioneers and soldiers, contributed their share to make him what he is.

This gentleman was born in the wheat belt, and, although he often

takes up his residence in town, where they are fond of thinking he is a native, he still claims the broad fields and prairies as his home.

He is much more quiet and unostentatious in his habits than is popularly believed, moving about modestly in byways. He never gambles, drinks but moderately, and is fond of savings banks.

He has only one bad habit. Just when you think he has come to stay

permanently, he often disappears, and nobody can trace him. But he generally comes back.

He is the only one we know who, no matter how long his visit, is continuously welcome in every home.

For the Sufferers

The following contributions have been received at LIFE office: Mrs. C. P. Arnold, Laramie, Wyo., \$5.00; Marble Hill Table Golf Club, New York City, \$5.00; Edward D. Wetmore, Santa Barbara, Cal., \$10.00.



The Optimist: JOVE! IT'S LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS ALONG!

Some Prevailing Beliefs

By a Pessimist.

THAT the women of this country are doing more to ruin it by their extravagance than any other agency.

That children don't learn anything at public schools.

That rum and tobacco, if persisted in, will insure a long life.

That there are no longer any real mothers.

That race suicide is coming very soon.

That the war will end before September first.

That nowadays women are the only ones who go to church—and mighty few of them.

That the Jews will own the country.

That the Roman Catholics will eventually murder all those who don't agree with them.

That America has no real literature.

That nobody can afford to get married on less than $\left. \begin{array}{l} \$2,000 \\ 3,000 \\ 5,000 \\ 10,000 \\ 25,000 \end{array} \right\}$ a year.

That the magazines are not worth reading any more.

That all the big papers are controlled by their advertising or by the financial interests.

That there is no chance for a poor man to get justice in the courts.

That New York and Pennsylvania are politically the two most corrupt States in the Union.

That President Wilson has done the best he could.

That your auto is a little better than anyone else's.

That all house painters are dishonest.

That suffrage is bound to come without doing any good.

A FOREIGNER says he understands that poets are rapidly gaining prestige in the United States.

Yes, there is a remarkable readjustment of values going on. The poet already has a rating above the hobo, and some day we hope to see him up near the contributing baseball player and the pugilistic essayist.

From Our Readers

Disavowed

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Christian Scientists did not join in the recent opposition to a bill in the New York Legislature which proposed to require teachers in public schools to read the Bible to their classes. The report that they did so, which LIFE took from a newspaper, was not true.

Although the Christian Science Church has never adopted a definite attitude with reference to this subject, the view of most Christian Scientists is that a certain amount of moral and religious training could and should be given in public schools by selecting and reading appropriate parts of the Bible, with due regard for differences of opinion on the part of pupils and their parents.

Yours sincerely,

CLIFFORD P. SMITH.

BOSTON, MASS.,
April 22, 1915.

"Typhoid Mary"

EDITOR OF LIFE:

In view of what we all know of the attitude of the majority of physicians regarding "disease carriers", and of the conservatism of the lay press, as well as of the medical journals, I am moved to ask if you can't strain a point and say a word on the right side just now when we read that "Typhoid Mary" is again a prisoner. "Mary Mullen, typhoid germ carrier, is back under quarantine in her old quarters in North Brother Island, where she spent three years"! Now, the truth of it is, that practically all fevers result chiefly from indigestion and consequent auto-toxæmia (self-poisoning), from the absorption into the blood of putrescence in the intestine. What we call "typhoid fever" is the product of the prevailing treatment for the primary fever; namely, constant feeding, appetite or no appetite, and "downing the temperature" that goes up and keeps up because of the maintenance of the intestinal cesspool by the treatment described. Mary Mullen is a star cook and in great demand by good feeders because she concocts so many delicious and mischievous made-dishes; the members of her families are tempted to eat excessively, and, hence, dyspepsia and resulting complications. They become feverish, call the family doctor, and he does the rest! It is a

shameful and humiliating criticism of the medical profession, the brutal mistreatment that has been handed out to this good woman, who never "carried disease" in any other way than above described.

CHARLES E. PAGE, M.D.

BOSTON, MASS.,
March 29, 1915.

"Catholics and the Schools"

EDITORS OF LIFE,

Gentlemen: LIFE, issue 22d inst., before me. Article by E. S. Martin, "Catholics and the Schools" noted. S'pose that was a contribution, not an editorial.

I write to express my appreciation. That was fine, gentlemen, fine.

He closes by saying: "Protestants who do not grudge the Roman Catholics their separate schools," etc. I wish to enter my weak voice as one who does grudge them that fact. If all denominations had separate schools the public school system would go into the discard rather fast.

Not for what is taught (and that is quite important, and how it's taught), but for the association, the rubbing of elbows.

A Swedish lad learns that "that red-headed Irish-Catholic kid next to me is a pretty good sport after all, no matter what my father does say".

The American public school system is an integral part of our Republic.

A pronounced and nation-wide turning away from that institution is an act of moral treason.

The Roman parochial school is very conducive to jealousy, bitter partisanship and religious bigotry; the very things that in a democracy all must strive to allay.

What a smooth and beautiful appearance the religious cloak can give to so many schemes!

Our good old U. S. A. has the best Roman Catholics in the world. Yes, granted. It couldn't very well be otherwise. They must keep up with the procession. It's in the air. Maybe we have the best of the Roman Catholic priests. I don't know. It wouldn't be saying very much, anyway.

But just so long as the Roman clergy and their people believe in and claim temporal power for their Pope by divine right and as long as they believe in and



A COLLEGE GRADUATE

practice auricular confession, just so long can Catholics be ready to receive the suspicion of the American people toward their several schemes and political moves.

Timely articles, as per Mr. Martin's, published now and then in the leading magazines are what we must have for the good of all.

Do not expect too great commendation for publishing his article. You may receive enough opposition. Neither you nor I can estimate the probable good, on both sides, that the publishing of that one article has done and will do. Let your satisfaction be in your own minds and hearts.

I am, etc.,

RAY W. ABBOTT.

WEST DULUTH, MINN.,
April 20, 1915.

If we have the best Roman Catholic priests in this country, that is much to say, for there are very many good priests. As to confession and the claim of temporal power for the Pope, the latter has a punctured tire just now and the former belongs to the practice of the Roman Catholic (and also of the Greek) Church, and is a concern of religion with which Protestants cannot profitably meddle. Activity of Protestants to relieve Catholics of confession would be too much like a joke. So long as Catholics can stand it, Protestants can.

If one starts out to punch the Catholic Church and cannot be dissuaded, it is highly important not to punch it in the wrong place.

E. S. M.



"I AM PERFECTLY NEUTRAL"



Historical

Miss Smith, the teacher, was hearing the history class. The pupils seemed unusually dull.

"Now," she said, "Mary followed Edward VI., didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied a little girl.

"And now, who followed Mary?" asked the teacher, hopefully. All was silent for a moment, then Elsie raised her hand.

"Yes, Elsie?" queried the teacher. "Who followed Mary?"

"Her little lamb, teacher," said Elsie, triumphantly.

—Harper's Monthly.

Speaking of "jitney", which seems likely to win a place in the dictionaries, can you think of any other word in our language that begins with j-i-t? And speaking again of "jitney", he was a witty fellow who dismissed the new transportation system with the clever paraphrase, "De jitney bus non disputandum."

—Youth's Companion.



"OH, WHAT A LOT OF FUN HE'S MISSED
WHO NEVER KILLED AN OPTIMIST!"



Maintaining the Standard

The social caste of customers is not commonly supposed to be regarded in quick-lunch restaurants, but a Philadelphia paper tells this story: A fastidious person made his way into a steaming, fly-infested little restaurant. The young woman behind the counter placed a tumbler of water before him with a thump.

"What's yours?" she asked sharply.

"Coffee and rolls."

She set before him a mug a quarter of an inch thick and as heavy as iron, filled with a brown fluid. The man seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it. "But where is the saucer?" he asked.

"We don't give no saucers here," replied the waitress. "If we did some low-brow'd come pilin' in and drink out of his saucer, and we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."—Youth's Companion.

CLIENT: I want to sue for a divorce and an allowance of fifteen hundred dollars a year.

LAWYER: What is your husband's income?

CLIENT: It's about that. I wouldn't ask for more than the man makes. I'm not that kind.—Boston Transcript.

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always will be found in evidence.

Extra heavy traction tread insures unusually
long service. Guaranteed for 5,000 miles.

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Agencies in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, San Francisco,
Providence, Newark, Paterson, Buffalo, Houston and other cities.

Coates'

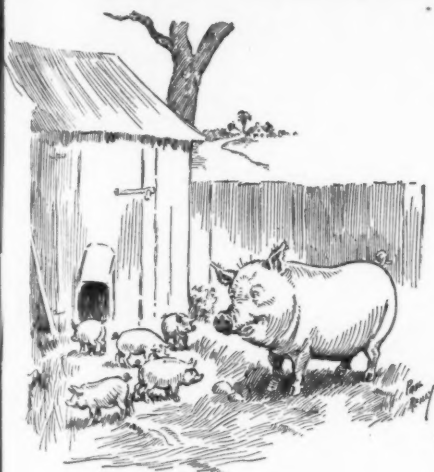
PLYMOUTH

Imported Dry Gin

Coates' Plymouth Gin
costs more to make than
any other Imported Gin
but costs you no more by
the drink.

Why not order Coates'
Plymouth?

ALEX D **SHAW** & CO NY



THE SONS OF HAM

Just Enough for One

MR. BRYAN smote Admiral Peary for saying at a public dinner:

We cannot stand still; a hundred years hence we shall either be obliterated as a nation or we shall occupy the entire North American world segment.

When an advertised man stands up before newspaper reporters and makes such an assertion as that, there should always be somebody equally conspicuous to rise up after him and express dissent.

Admiral Peary is the distinguished explorer who thought there was not enough of the North Pole for two. It is quite natural that such a mind should be sure that there is only just enough of the "entire North American world segment" for one nation.

The idea that a nation must transgress its neighbors' boundaries or be obliterated is not suitable for propagation. It is the German idea, that Europe is just now so busy with.

What is the matter with our naval officers that so many of them are so hospitable to the German idea!

CALOX
THE
OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER



Makes your teeth
feel clean.

ALL DRUGGISTS 25 cents
Sample free if you mention your druggist.

McKesson & Robbins 91 Fulton St. N.Y.

Alive with POWER

MORE and more, motorists are coming to demand the exhilaration of driving a car, which, day after day, is fairly "tugging" with power.

And they are fast learning that power is more than a matter of correct mechanical adjustment.

If the fuel charge escapes down past the piston rings during the compression stroke, power plainly goes to waste. If, on the power stroke, the force of the expanding gases escapes past the piston rings, power again goes to waste.

Piston clearances vary in different types of motor. You cannot secure full power unless you maintain a proper piston seal. This demands an oil whose body is suited to the piston clearance in *your* motor.

Again:

The average motor has some 1500 parts—most of them moving. Different types of lubricating systems are used to carry oil to these parts.

Unless the oil you use is adapted to the feed system of your motor, incomplete lubrication of some parts must result. Friction follows. Power suffers.

So a very important demand of full power is high-quality oil of *correct body for your motor*.

At the right is shown our Chart of Automobile Recommendations which for years has been the motorist's standard guide to scientific lubrication. Here you will find listed the correct oil for *your* car.

If your car is not listed a complete Chart will be sent on request.

After you have cleaned out your motor and filled the crank case with the grade of Gargoyl Mobiloils specified for your car, you will discover what full power means.

You will feel this power the moment you open the throttle.

Try it on a familiar hill.

If power is what you want, you should stop guessing about your lubricating oil and act on the scientific advice furnished in the Chart on this page.



Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyl Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyl on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

The four grades of Gargoyl Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyl Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyl Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyl Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyl Mobiloil "Arctic"

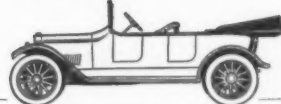
For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyl Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyl Mobiloil "C".

VACUUM OIL COMPANY,

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Detroit New York Philadelphia Minneapolis
Boston Chicago Indianapolis Pittsburgh



Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyl Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyl Mobiloil "A". "Arc" means Gargoyl Mobiloil "Arctic". The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
CAR	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Alco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Avery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(Model C)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Carters	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Case	Com'l.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B
(water)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Cole	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Delaney-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B
E. M. F.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Flint	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Flanders	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Ford	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
G. M. C. Truck	Com'l.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haver	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(Model 6-60)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Hayes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Hupmobile (Model 20)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(Model 32)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
I. H. C. (air)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(water)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
International	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Com'l.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Kelly	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
King	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Kissel	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Com'l.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(Model 48)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Kline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Knos	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Krit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Locomobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Lozier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Mack	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(Model 18)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Marino	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Merco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Moine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Moline Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
National	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Paige Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Parkinson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Pope Hartford	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Rambler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Regal	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Remont	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
S. G. V.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Selden	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Simplex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Speedwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
"Knight"	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Stevens Duryen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Stoddard-Dayton	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
"Knight"	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Stutz	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Veie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Walter	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
White	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Winton	A	Arc	A	Arc	A

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



His Unprejudiced Opinion

"Which side of the house do you think the baby resembles most?" proudly asked young Popjoy.

"Well—h'm!" answered Smith. "I can't see that he looks so very much like the side of a house."

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

I Am It

They are telling the story of an artist of some reputation who was reproached by a volunteer for not enlisting. He gazed a while at the younger man with impenetrable calm; then, slowly and with grave dignity, he said:

"I am that civilization you are fighting for."—*The New Age.*

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
 Plain End or Cork Tip
 People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

AMARGOS
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 FACTORY AND DEPOT NEW YORK

Amargos
 Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

A New and Better Kind of "Wings"



SWIM-WINGS mean absolute safety in swimming. The "safety-neckstrap" prevents slipping; and there are no bags to blow up. Cheapest, too—as the "wings" last years.

KAPO "NEVERSINK" SWIM-WINGS



You feel safe on SWIM-WINGS. Automatically adjust themselves for swimming any stroke. More buoyant and less clumsy than cork—"teach" children to swim in a very short time.

Ask your Sporting Goods dealer for SWIM-WINGS. If he can't supply you send us \$2.00 and we will mail you a pair. Crimson and navy blue. State whether adult's or children's size. Send for catalog of these and other guaranteed Life Saving Garments. Please give your dealer's name.

American Life Saving Garment Co.
 467 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

Impelled by Duty

"I must say these are fine biscuits!" exclaimed the young husband.

"How could you say those are fine biscuits?" inquired the young wife's mother in a private interview.

"I didn't say they were fine. I merely said I must say so."—*Washington Star.*

SEVERAL ladies sat in their club a few evenings ago discussing the virtues of their husbands.

"Mr. Bingleton," said one of them, referring to her life partner, "never drinks and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits!"

"Does he never smoke?" some one asked.

"Yes. He likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose, on an average, he doesn't smoke more than once a month."

Some of her friends laughed, but she didn't seem to understand why.

—*Tit-Bits.*

To be had at every good place where accommodation is made for travellers.

White Rock
"The World's Best Table Water"

Preserves your health in every climate.

From the famous **White Rock Mineral Springs**, Waukesha, Wis.
 Office, 100 Broadway, N. Y.



STUDIES IN PERSPECTIVE—No. 5



SOCIETY NOTE

"THE BRIDE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES"

The Hare and the Tortoise

THE Hare challenged the Tortoise to a race, and the Tortoise, who was nothing if not obliging, accepted. Mindful of a former occasion when he lost his race through going to sleep by the roadside, the Hare remarked to a friend: "You can just bet I won't be caught napping this time. I'll beat that Tortoise so bad that he will never be able to crow again." As the Hare knew full well that Tortoises do not crow, he probably used the expression carelessly or idiomatically.

At any rate, the Hare started off as fast as he could, and soon left the Tortoise far in the rear. Before the Hare had covered half the distance to the goal post, however, he was arrested for exceeding the speed limit, and before he could get his fine paid and return to the goal, the Tortoise had arrived and was celebrating the occasion by lying on his back and wiggling his feet in the air.

MORAL: Hares are unlucky.



"The Beau Brummell"

Men Who Care for Appearance Should Wear THE MAGIC FIGURE MOLD

To preserve a good form or remodel a faulty one. By wearing this open mesh elastic garment, a smart, well set-up figure is instantly obtained.

If remodeling is required, a reduction of two to four inches may be secured over abdomen, seat and thighs, and on the inner as well as the outer side of the limbs without one moment's delay or without diet or discomfort of any kind.

REDUCTION

Is not obtained by sweating, but by an absolutely new method. These garments cause no heat or discomfort of any kind, are scientifically correct, carry weight, relieve strain, improve facial expression, stimulate circulation, promote agility, benefit health and beautify the figure. They cause no constriction and remain in place.

ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

We make them to individual measure in varying lengths for Men and Women, and sell them direct.

A few exclusive shops represent us, whose names will be furnished upon request. Write for booklet with full description. Positively the ONLY Figure Mold in existence.

Foreign and Domestic patents granted and pending.

"Ask the Man Who Wears One"

MAGIC FIGURE MOLD GARMENT CO.
54-B EAST BROAD ST. COLUMBUS, OHIO



If a King's Doctor told you to take Sanatogen—

you would be impressed—for you know that a King's Doctor must be a man of highest professional standing. You would take Sanatogen feeling confident that it would do the things promised; give you fresh vigor, fortify your system as no other tonic could.

Now it is a fact that the private physicians to seven Emperors and Kings; after personal observation of its effects, have endorsed Sanatogen in writing. (See, for instance, the accompanying letters of Dr. Ott and Dr. Kuhn.)

So you see a King's physician might recommend Sanatogen to you, if you could consult him—indeed there are over 21,000 practising physicians who would tell you to take Sanatogen, because they all have written us, some telling of its power to strengthen the nerves, others of its power to enrich the blood and upbuild the system, and still others of its wonderful qualities as an aid to digestion.

Such are the credentials of Sanatogen—they should, they must convince you that Sanatogen has a service to perform in your case.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

Dr. Ernest Ott,
Late King Edward's physician,
Munich, writes:

"I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

Dr. Conrad Kuhn,
Physician to the Court of
H. I. M., the Emperor of
Austria, writes:

"I have had the very best results from Sanatogen in the treatment of frail, anemic children and patients suffering from wasting diseases."

SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy, together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, New York.

Between Two Fires

"I educated one of my boys to be a doctor and the other a lawyer," said Farmer Cornstassel.

"You should be very proud of them," announced his visitor. "That seems like an excellent arrangement."

"I don't know about that," replied the aged agriculturist; "it looks as though it was a-going to break up the family. I got run into by a locomotive, and one of 'em wants to cure me and the other one wants me to go lame so he can sue for damages."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MOTHERS in EXPECTATION

We are originators and largest manufacturers of Smart Apparel for

MATERNITY

faultless in style, differing in no outward way from regular models. Expand as required; adjust automatically when the figure is normal.

Dresses	5.95 to 69.50
Suits	19.95 to 74.75
Coats	7.75 to 44.00
Skirts	4.45 to 12.50
Waists	1.35 to 18.00
Corsets	3.85 to 10.00
Infants' Layettes	6.95 up

Sold Direct to You at Manufacturers' Prices
Send for Book Y-6 **Lane Bryant** 25 West 38th Street, N. Y.
The Specialty House of National Reputation

Putting F-4 Up to Josephus

GEORGE VON L. MEYER, formerly Secretary of the Navy, charges Josephus Daniels with responsibility for the loss of life in the sunken submarine F-4. Mr. Meyer says he established in the Navy Department a system of inspection, under which, if it had been maintained, the weakness in the F-4 which caused the disaster would almost certainly have been disclosed. But Secretary Daniels, he says, has let that system go to pieces.

Mr. Meyer is also of opinion that the navy is less prepared for war now than it was in 1898, because of the "unmilitary policy" of the present administration.

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—New York Times.

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THE FRUITS OF HIS LABOR

Lies

W. J. BRYAN will speak as the guest of all the whiskey and beer men on Saturday night.

Frank Tannenbaum is visiting John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Billy Sunday has been converted.

The owners of seven summer excursion boats from New York announced that they would not run this coming season, because the boats were unsafe.

Colorado repudiated woman suf-



DIARY January 22, 1820

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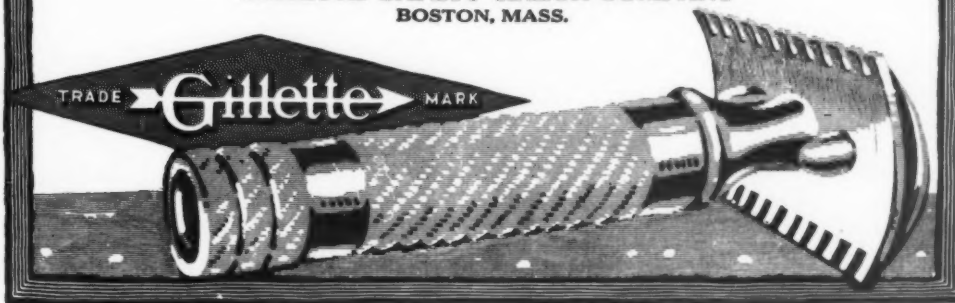
or an Indian Maharajah, the Gillette—no stopping, no honing—is a home find among a wilderness of strangers.

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fragrance on the ground that it had never been of any use.

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Several members of the New Jersey Legislature were convicted of honesty and held for trial.

Lillian Russell is growing older.

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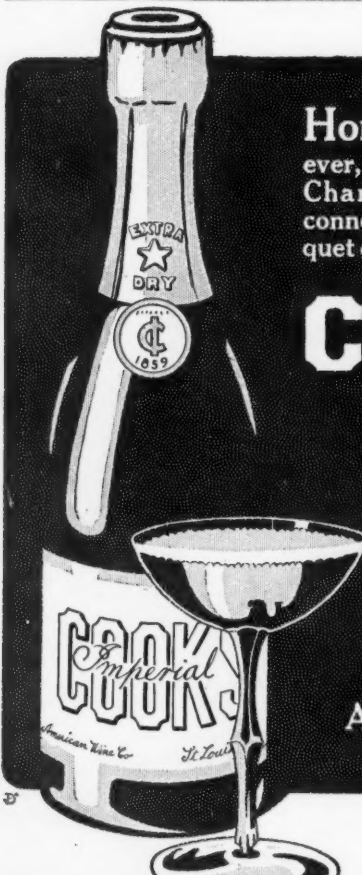
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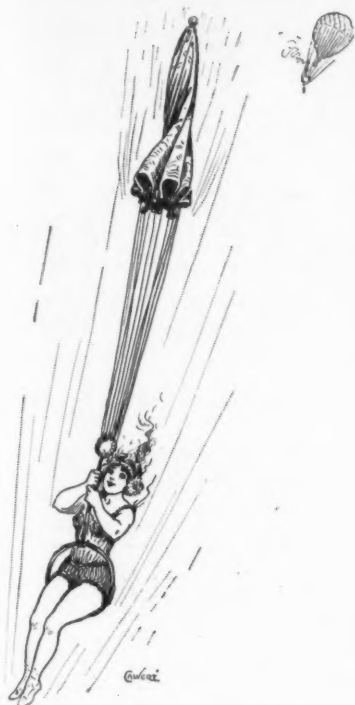
smacked your lips over a sip of it, reflected its sparkle in your eyes? Drink Cook's critically—that's the way to get the fullest enjoyment out of it.

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
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Allan and the Holy Flower, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.)

The Keeper of the Door, by Ethel M. Dell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.40.)

Military Annals of Greece, by William L. Snyder. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$3.00. 2 vols.)

The Gentle Pioneers, by H. Habersham Barnwell. (D. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Bred of the Desert, by Marcus Horton. (Harper & Bros. \$1.30.)

The Conquering Jew, by John Foster Fraser. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.)

The Cocoon, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.)

Indoor Games for Awkward Moments, by Ruth Blakely. (Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.00.)

The Seas of God. (Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.35.)

The Book of the Serpent, by Katharine Howard. (Sherman, French & Co. \$1.)

The Yellow Claw, by Sax Rohmer. (McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.35.)

South of Panama, by Edward Alsworth Ross. (Century Co. \$2.40.)

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Paris Waits, by M. E. Clarke. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

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The Modern Drama, by Ludwig Lewisohn. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25.)

Photoplay Making, by Howard T. Dimick. (The Editor Co., Ridgewood, N. J.)

Sweet the Fly! by Elinor Gates. (Arrow Publishing Co. 25 cents.)

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